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NB1

THE

WANDERER,

A

RAMBLING POEM.

BY

A CLERK IN MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

CELIA. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ORLANDO. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that never was gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

PHILADELPHIA:

GRIGG & ELLIOT, 9 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

1836.

MRS

THE NEW YORK
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DEDICATION.

To whom shall I dedicate this wild effusion? to some nabob, whose patronage it will be my interest to obtain? It might then be necessary to laud him to the skies, giving him a thousand virtues and qualities which he, in all probability, would not possess. This will not answer, as I will not flatter. Shall I name some literary star, whose productions are spread over the earth, and whose name is pronounced by every tongue, and call upon him to lift me from the grovelling soil of my native land, and by the influence of his indubitable reputation, hold me up to the

gaze of the multitude, as one whom *he* has declared entitled to public favour? No! I scorn the smiles of literary potentates, or tyrants, as they too frequently prove themselves—since it has become necessary for the suitor, in quest of fame or bread, by dint of toil and merit, to bow in trembling humility before the high priests of letters, and there pour libations of flattery, as the only means of passing the scathing ordeal of malignant criticism, and gaining access to the altars which they profess to guard! Shall I select some great man in this country, under whose countenance I may step forth and claim the favour of the community? No! I would not burthen any distinguished countryman (could one be found to submit to it,) with the apprehension and uncertainty attending the fate of a work, the author of which being unknown to the grave censors at the helm of popular opinion, the editors. To whom, then, shall I dedicate?

I will seek patronage of those of my own humble sphere; those with whom I associate as equals I will call upon to sustain me, should they deem me worthy. Therefore, this Poem is respectfully dedicated to the young men of our country generally, and particularly to those of Market street, Philadelphia.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING accomplished the Dedication, it may be necessary to say something by way of Preface—but the author is really at a loss what to write. Should he spin a long tale about inexperience, limited education, et cetera, his judges would not relent; as it has been shown, (vide Edinburgh Reviewers,) that no one can be permitted to plead minority in excuse for a defective book, unless he has been compelled to write.

The author, then, will not implore the public to consider his youth, and in a whining manner

deprecate their frowns. He is aware that there are faults, perhaps, in every stanza; but, as it is, "he'll print it." If any one exclaims, that the commencement is inappropriate, and is continued in an irregular manner, the writer will answer, that its cognomen is expressive of its character; namely, a rambling poem; the hero, a wanderer. If it be alleged, that many things attempted to be described, should have been omitted, being unworthy of notice—and those that should have been mentioned, are neglected, he will reply—it is a rambling poem. Should it be said that too much space is occupied in idle reflections and digressions, and not sufficient allotted to description, or vice versa, he will say—it's a rambling poem. In short, if the critics say there is no moral, and exclaim—"O most lame and impotent conclusion"—the author will calmly pick his teeth and say—it's a rambling poem, and does not aspire to immortality. (*Aside.*) Heaven grant it may sell!

Should any one's curiosity be excited to know who the author is, (we merely suppose a case for argument sake,) it cannot be gratified—unless those who may be so inquisitive, purchase a sufficient number of copies to line his pockets so effectually, that he may abandon his subordinate, though respectable, employment, which at present fills his mouth—yea, unless it is *insured*, as the author has no relish whatever for a garret, and a lean appearance—the wise Shakspeare, Dryden, Goldsmith, Savage, Burns, and a host of others, to the contrary notwithstanding.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

HAIL to the spot where in childhood I rambled,
The groves, and the streams, and the heavens so bright;
Where throbbings of bliss in my bosom untramell'd,
Exultingly cheer'd me in sunny delight.
Oh, land of my birth, and of freedom, and glory!
Still green be thy laurel, and fragrant thy pine—
Thy cities and bulwarks remembered in story,
Thy West shield the lonely with "fig-tree and vine."

II.

Here, in this valley of peace and seclusion,
How blest is the meek 'neath the oak's gentle quiver:
The richest of flowers in varied profusion
Regale us again, notwithstanding they wither.
A lesson is taught that is smiled on by heaven,
That thrilling emotions our breasts should illume;
That hearts should be cheerful, though trodden and riven,
Though death strikes us all, yet again we may bloom.

III.

Detolina! still bright be thy lawns and thy river,
Though Fate hath swept many, and flames did abuse,
Thy meads are still fresh, and thy locusts for ever!
And winds fan thee gently, that odours diffuse.
In thy deepest of bowers, the moon shining brightly,
And wreaths of fresh roses in beauty around:
Oh! how blest in my youth, to recline alone nightly,
And list the sweet notes of the flute's softest sound.

IV.

Still flow gentle streamlet, thy beach and thy willow
  Bring fresh to my mind dearest days of the past;
Thy lonely sad murmur, and gently heav'd billow,
  Lull'd bosoms to rest that have since felt the blast:
And now to thy banks with my harp will I hie me—
  And, shielded from strife, in thy spreading elms shade,
Reclined on the grass, I will touch the strings lightly,
  Invoking those pleasures that once did pervade.

C——, Ky, Feb. 1836.

THE WANDERER.

I.

ORLANDO is the hero of our tale,
A novice in the scale of hoary years;
But yet with solemn eye and visage pale,
Like some stark phantom bearing riteless cares,
Scarce known to smile, yet never bow'd in tears.
A fragile form, yet upright, firm, was he,
With breast to meet, not feel a mortal's fears;
A lover of the storm and raging sea,
And hobbling hero's tales of struggles of the free.

II.

He grasped the mould'ring page of olden time,
And strayed alone athwart the verdant hills,
And musing felt the strains of bards sublime.
Now mingling with the boughs or sparkling rills,
A fairy or a knight his fancy fills.
There's not a breeze sweeps by but brings delight,
There's not a flowret, but a thought distils,
A carol lost of warblers in their flight,
Or shooting star unmarked, in solitude of night.

III.

The forms of steel-clad belted warriors rose—
The crash of lance and clang of clarion heard;
Kings, heroes, serfs, start from their long repose,
Dark friars glide, wrapped in their snowy beard;
And now the crescent, now the cross is reared.
A princess hurls a truncheon to the ground,
And greets a chief in flowing blood besmeared.
Now minstrel harps in rosy bow'rs resound,
And lovely maids are seen through lighted halls to bound.

IV.

Thus did the wanderer dream with closeless eye,
His soul ignited with a restless fire:
In vain the smile to chase the rising sigh
Or crush the worm that never can expire.
The earnest counsel of a thinking sire
In vain was echoed in a listless ear;
His all was pledged unto a flaming pyre,
He quaffed the cup without a chill of fear,
As he had sworn to mount, or quiver 'neath the sear.

V.

Now from old Alleghany's moss clad brow
He proudly viewed his country's features round—
The many vessels glide like wreaths of snow,
Freighted from all, to every nation bound.
Now pealing from yon dome there comes a sound,
The bell that chimed the tidings of the free! (1)
Successful were our fathers' efforts crowned—
In field and cabinet, in just degree,
In peace, the sage, in war he struck for liberty.

VI.

A nation's honour, and the child of fame,
A kingdom at his asking, yet refused:— (2)
Viewed as a sovereign prince in all but name,
Yet bowing to the slave that shrinks confused. (3)
Oft on the Schuylkill's verdant banks amused,
With rural peasants, sweet contented life,
He humbly knelt to providence, infused
With generous thought, succeeding mortal strife,
And bless'd his native land, just risen from the knife.

VII.

City of brothers, clinging hand in hand,
A fit memento of thy founder Friend;
Long may thy marble columns firmly stand,
Thy greatness yet with plainness ever blend.
He whose genius did to Heaven ascend, (4)
Lies gently 'neath yon unpretending stone;
Another* rears a fabric that will send
The prayers of thousands up to Heaven prone,
For the poor Orphan's friend, and stay of widows lone.

* Girard.

VIII.

Hail, city of the free! our country's boast—
A granite monument of fame and arts:
Science did weeping fly Italia's coast,
And sheltered here her genial breath imparts,
Inspiring deathless deeds in free born hearts!
The sparkling Delaware dancing at thy side,
Laden with lux'ries from European marts;
With Fairmount's crystal, ceaseless founts supplied,
Chesnut still sports her gems, in honest native pride.

IX.

Orlando stood upon the vessel's deck, (5)
(The huge Leviathan to rule the deep,)
Whose thunder once, would be a foeman's wreck,
And to the shades below their pigmies sweep.
And now into a steamer he did leap
That thundered onward like a storm from hell—
Amonster* raging, rousing maids from sleep.
In vain a Crusoe may his travels tell,
Or Moscow peal again, her deaf'ning braggart bell.

X.

Hail, London of our world! thy thousand spires
Point to that Heaven that smiled on mighty Rome!
There gleams in breasts the deathless mounting fires
That graced the altars of the far famed dome—
And heroes, statesmen, scholars have a home.
Though Lucifer's worst angel swept along
With fagot lit in red infernal foam,
God will thy race yet many days prolong,
And bards thy fit remembrance mingle in their song.

XI.

Flow on, for ever flow, thou placid stream—
In these thy mountains, once our fathers stood;
Bright through the din of strife they had a gleam
That buoyed them up amidst the flow of blood,
And charging on the British lion, stood!
An Arnold's treachery could not avail,
Nor bribing showers pouring in a flood:
Firm as the hills, clad in their rocky mail,
For ever stands the just, and guile cannot prevail.

XII.

The serpent* writhing lives his pangs to tell,
Bearing the torture of a burning heart;
Doomed still to view the spot where bleeding fell
The virtuous Hamilton beneath his dart,
And hear harsh murmurs borne from ev'ry part.
Can yet his country, which he stabbed, forgive?
May other traitors from their coverts start,
Our union to remotest ages live,
The day that dawns so fair, close in a glorious eve!

XIII.

Hail city, bearing Washington's bright name—
Beaming in view from this romantic grot:
The archives of a nation's swelling fame
And source of its existence—that fair spot!
Search distant vales, and not an humble cot
But has a voice in this stupendous pile;
All, all are equal in their happy lot,
And millions stand to crush a tyrant's guile,
Or greet a hero or a statesman with a smile.

* Now dead.

XIV.

And through this avenue have thousands pass'd,
Still greeting at the capitol as friends.
Did Roman speakers ever sound a blast,
Arousing man, like these our Congress sends?
There's not a pulse but with their pathos blends!
Does Europe with her pampered lordlings scorn
The spirit that against *her* ills contends?
Her star of tyranny shall set—and morn
In bright effulgence here, will hail a second born.

XV.

Old Time, unhalting, sweeps for ever on—
Embryo's all must burst and pass away;
The thrilling echo of inspired song
May be forgotten in the world's decay.
All those that live or breathe in coming day,
Will slumber as the myriads now unknown:
A peasant's offspring yet, in future may
March through the ranks of malice to a throne,
And spurn a line of kings, as they have frowning done!

XVI.

O Thou, the God of earth and ocean, save
Our infant empire from oblivion's hearse!
May never tyrant on its ruins pave
A road to fell pollution's sanguine curse!
For ever may our hero's shrine* immerse
Deep in dire anguish every evil thought;
The Janus demon that would basely pierce
The boon for which his sires nobly fought,
Be rent with lightning's blasts, and bleach for e'er unsought.

XVII.

When in the course of dim eventful time,
Should evil triumph, and our stars dissolve—
The wayward pilgrim seeking aught sublime,
Will seat him here, and by-gone days revolve.
Let crumbling ruin on the walls devolve,
And these huge pillars lay confused around;
Deep tablets shall expired glory solve,
And thus shall many brazen trumpets sound,
Cease wailing Greece to mourn, here was the fatal wound!

* The monument to be reared at Washington.

XVIII.

Orlando glanced across the spreading lands,
Where once his sires held complete control;
Now crumbling like the glass's fleeting sands,
Stripped to a fraction of the boundless whole.
Injustice blackens many a mortal's soul,
And man for gold will barter peaceful life:
Oh, many passions through the bosom roll,
But not an object, not a theme of strife,
So like the adder's fang, as *pelf*, the blood stained knife!

XIX.

The lord of millions, with his furrowed cares,
Sighing for more, upon the brink of death,
In terror sinking 'midst his bitter fears,
Inhaling nothing sweet of Heaven's breath!
Such demons did Orlando spurn beneath
The ass that wanders thoughtless o'er the earth,
Plucking a scatt'ring flower on the heath.
A boon conferr'd on dunces, by their birth,
Is like a diamond fair, in an eternal dearth.

XX.

Preach of instinct, affection, and of blood!
Have we not seen the parent and the son
Scowl by in dire contention for a rood,
A filthy acre, basely lost and won?
What was by Richard to a Clarence done?
What is the essence of the miser's god?
Av'rice, rapine, murder—"three in one."
May holy Justice, with the scales and rod,
Dispensing through the earth, scathe those that vilely plod!

XXI.

Like lightning flies the whizzing steam urged car,
Throwing, en masse, hills on hills behind;
Or gods in chariots rushing on to war,
Impelled impetuous by a roaring wind!
'Twas thou, Columbia! 'twas thy Fulton's mind,
That crouded treasures, cities, through the land;
The wond'ring savages, on rivers lined, (6)
Stared, spectre smitten, with uplifted hand,
And rushed into the woods, yelling from band to band.

XXII.

City of monuments! the mighty dead
Are kindly thought of by each virtuous breast.
Here, where a wanderer from Albion fled,
His name for ever peacefully shall rest.
See on each noble brow a freeman's crest;
Here hoary age and youth in council swore
To strike the foe that did the coast infest,
Or bathe each threshold with their foaming gore;
But Britons fell or fled, and females cheer'd the roar.

XXIII.

And here the hero of this rambling lay,
An infant clinging to his mother's breast,
Heard peal on peal from fiery cannon play,
By silent parent lulled to slumb'ring rest.
But ever and anon, as if distressed,
A sigh unconsciously her heart would swell:
The rushing of a steed in foamy crest,
Paused but an instant—moments volumes tell—
Pallid, she waived him off—"He fell—he bleeding fell!"

XXIV.

Another courier thunders at the door—
In silence glances the inquiring eye;
"I strove to pass the messenger before—
He lives—he lives! heave not another sigh—
It was another of the name did die.
He does the duty of three comrades dead,
That wrapped in blood and glory, round him lie;
Although dismantled, yet his cannon's lead
Sweeps down advancing ranks, that onward still are spread."

XXV.

The deep emotion of a mother's joy
Is not for me to paint. The beaten foe
Was swept to ocean, nor again annoy
A city's peace, that gave them blow for blow;
And Ross was supping in the shades below. (7)
But trembling miscreants, by fear impelled,
Left Washington defenceless, all in wo;
And there the scorning foeman frowning held
The flaming brand.—Our eagle o'er the city yell'd.

XXVI.

A day of dreadful retribution came— (8)
Again our goddess smiled upon her tow'r;
Bloody libations cleansed our leaf of fame,
Hurled to oblivion triumphs of an hour,
And o'er the land distilled a fresh'ning shower.
Yet breathes the freeborn spirit of our sires,
Untaught to succumb to a king, or low'r,
Should fiends below let loose their glaring fires,
And heap throughout the land a million reeking pyres.

XXVII.

A time may come, in dread array may come,
When tyrants of the earth will strive to crush
The independent race, that rears a dome
Cheering as the morning's freshest blush,
Far happier than their own. And then will rush
Detraction's curse against each worthy head—
Heaven wrought Genius still will proudly gush,
In spite of venal gold, and titled lead,
And stand triumphantly on Envy's severed head!

XXVIII.

Let storms of malice o'er the bosom roll,
That feels the throb of freedom warmly glow;
The God inspired, all combatting soul,
Scorns ev'ry frown, and triumphs in its wo!
The weak may bend, or fall supinely low,
As humble brutes are taught their chains to bear:
The eagle scales the mountain's lofty brow,
And flutters through the storm that thunders there,
Infused with rapturous throes, whilst meaner things despair.

XXIX.

There breathes a music in the sweep of time,
Above the clashing events of the world,
Which peak and valley solemnly doth chime,
And in each fitful breeze is widely whirled.
Ages on ages may have deeply hurled
Forgetfulness on those that sought alone,
High converse in the mist round mountains curled—
The spirits of such spots have never flown,
And there they still are felt, where nature builds her throne.

XXX.

Check thou the crystal waters limpid gush,
That's still from ever flowing fount supplied;
Yet ever, notwithstanding, it will rush,
O'erwhelming all that would its strength deride,
And onward past, into the ocean glide.
So lost for ever! is it so with man?
The stream shall ever flow; yon rising tide,
The mountain, or the stars we nightly scan,
Date not before this brook, that thus for ever ran.

XXXI.

Let the keen poison of the rancorous earth
Still puncture every palpitating vein;
It gives a latent power in mortals birth,
Excites the torpid nerve to glory, gain,
And wafts the bark safe o'er the stormy main.
Fame is not grasped upon a downy bed,
Nor tyrants rule, if sleeping they would reign.
Cares will cease, when slumb'ring with the dead,
Then onward through the storm, however loud and dread.

XXXII.

What is the prize before us, and its worth?
There's none may answer—nor if it's enjoyed.
We're driven on, in sadness and in mirth;
Few mount the billows—millions are destroyed!
But all are yet eternally annoyed
With winds and breakers. Would it not be well
To leave the helm, float reckless, onward, buoyed
By the dread power that placed us here to swell
Misery and transgression? No! let us in Heaven
dwell.

XXXIII.

But what of this? There *is* a restless spark,
Impulsive and resistless in its sway—
And groping through the darkness for an ark,
That yet ungained, still gives a feeble ray,
We weary tread, and stumble on our way.
O Hope! more precious than rich Peru's gold,
Sweeter than love's embrace in balmy May—
With thee we mount the Alps and brave the cold,
And with the Pleiades a holy converse hold.

XXXIV.

And now Orlando strolled along the bay;
The moonlit waves like diamonds glitter'd bright;
The finny tribe their gambols seemed to play,
And here and there a distant sail in sight.
Alone he wandered, pleased with silent night,
The gorgeous blazonry of Heaven's charms;
Inhaling breath of evening with delight,
Untouched by timid mortals' vain alarms;
His mistress solitude, sweet revelling in her arms.

XXXV.

He now reclined upon a massive trunk,
That in the deepest loneliness did lay;
Rich relics there were riven by a monk;
And here a witch had danced in former day,
As grandames think, and olden legends say.
A whippoorwill beside him fearless perched,
And warbled low a soothing roundelay;
A watchful hare now paused, or creeping search'd
The scatt'ring spears of grass, that through the sand emerged.

XXXVI.

And now he warbled softly with his lute
A note of plaintive melody—the hare
Looked up—the bird sat mournfully and mute,
As conscious that no enemy was there.
The melting strain was wafted on the air,
Sighing like murm'ring waves against the shore;
Anon a sailing cloud would dim the glare,
That beamed from the high moon, so calmly o'er
The slumb'ring earth and sea—stilling the hoarse winds
roar.

XXXVII.

Long did he ply his fav'rite soothing air,
Feeling a balmy freshness on his soul,
Distilled from pleasant breeze and pearly star;
A thrill of bliss did through his bosom roll,
Above the earth's, or vicious man's control.
A ray, but few of mortal mould can know—
But those that dash to earth the transient bowl
Of life's delusive pleasure—and its wo,
Tow'ring above the grov'ling mass, flitting to shades
below.

XXXVIII.

Dancing upon the surface, there did glide
A fairy bark, just risen from the deep—
Onward it came, and noiseless seemed to ride,
As thought of smiling infant in its sleep;
Then soon upon the beach a form did leap,
Muffled in sable cloak—and stood beside
The pale and staring youth—and seemed to weep.
"Maiden or man," he said, "whate'er betide,
Unfold thyself at once, if here thou wouldst abide."

XXXIX.

A moon beam glancing through the fleecy clouds
Revealed perfection in a pensive maid.
The noiseless falling robe no more enshrouds
A form of beauty, heavenly arrayed!
A smile had beamed, but sadness too essayed,
Thus both were mingled in her peerless eye;
A brow of thought, and pale, though undismayed,
A bosom swelling, scarce suppressed a sigh,
An alabaster neck, and lips of sweetest die.

XL.

Orlando felt the heat of passions throe,
Submissive yield to purest chastity.
And now the broad blue Heaven seemed to glow
In bright resemblance to the maiden's eye,
For not a cloud swept swimming through the sky.
"Thou'rt not of mortals"—did the wand'rer say—
I feel thy mystic power—yet reply!
The moment's flush hath fleeting swept away;
My heart is doubly calm—speak, maiden—speak, I pray."

XLI.

And then in grave emotion she did speak.
"Youth, of the wounded and the drooping breast,
What dost thou in the shades of evening seek,
When mortals all are steeped in dreamy rest?
Is there a breath of solitude that's blest,
A tone in sighing zephyrs, that will start
A train of fancy's images caressed?
Do spirits of the air becalm thy heart,
And dark groves dispel the pangs of many a dart?

XLII.

"'Tis *Delio of the Dell*, with sleepless eye,
That roves for ever lonely, by you stands;
From me the tulip has its richest dye,
And violets are strewn o'er all the lands;
The olive peacefully its green expands—
The iris I do water in the dell;
I wreathe the laurel with these bloodless hands,
Mingling the rose in every mystic spell,
And lave each with'ring stem in Lethe's limpid well.

XLIII.

"*Thou* fliest the din of deaf'ning earthly strife,
Scorning each base, and fading, painted prize,
Thine aim being higher: and with bosom rife,
Thou would'st from grovelling contemplation rise,
Mounting the cliff, and thence into the skies!
Thou breath'st the balmy breath of holy hour,
The warbling bird a golden thought inspires;
Thou feel'st the freshness of the tiny flower;
Thou know'st there is a bliss in some aerial power.

XLIV.

"When others mourn in drear sequestered groves,
Thou rear'st a shrine to worship. In the rill
Thou leap'st delighted—past another roves.
When others, weary, curse the rugged hill,
Thou stand'st absorbed, as chiseled marble still:
When others fly, thou viewest the storm's career,
And smil'st when lightnings shoot a glaring thrill,
Or fearless mark'st concussive thunders near,
Supported by her power, that stands before thee here.

XLV.

"Start not! thy bruised devoted heart is mine—
Bestow'd by potent Fate! Thou hast reclin'd
On my embower'd couch—and now 'tis *thine!*
Thou sought'st me when in exile I repin'd,
Roaming far western mounts and streams destin'd.
Long at my feet hast thou submissive woo'd;
Thou hast thy boon! but in it thou wilt find
A Talisman, that will at times be rued;
A mark for vengeful man—pursuing and pursued!

XLVI.

"Prepare for tempests on the sea of life;
Already hast thou known them in thy morn;
But in the coming hour of darkest strife,
Still bear thee up, as one in triumph borne—
And I will sound my soul inspiring horn,
Hov'ring in ether round thy throbbing head;
And thy pale lips shalt firmly curl in scorn,
When foes to virtue, and their country dead,
Hurl their keen venom—which shall backward on them spread.

XLVII.

"Go, wander through thy country's flow'ry vales,
A grave and lonely being. Yet a smile
May slightly tinge thee, when bright mirth prevails
Observing justice in thy course the while,
Spurning the chalice of deceitful guile.
When faint and weary, thou would'st sink to rest,
Seek scented hawthorns, found in ev'ry mile,
And thou shalt slumber on this downy breast,
By heartless foes condemn'd, by Delio caress'd!

XLVIII.

"Yea, thou shalt live! and as yon running cloud,
Dissolving in the moon's transparent light,
Is lost for ever in a crystal shroud:
The gloom that mars the echo of delight,
The scowl of envy, or neglect or spite;
The scorpion fang of puff'd oppression dire,
The henbane shade of chilling murky night,
Shall flee, a glitt'ring, all pervading fire,
And thou shalt onward tread, as thou may'st then desire."

XLIX.

And now Orlando started—and the dream
Faded in twilight dews. The ripples danced,
And now from east there poured a golden gleam
Of deep and holy dies, that peering glanced
O'er earth and ocean—and he was entranced
With his own country's loveliness, beyond
The power of Italia's beauty—though enhanced
By fashion's variegated loud respond,
And echoed even here, by aping venal sound.

L.

there a charm in Britain's teeming isle,
nobling and exalting ev'ry son?
oast they their Shakspeare, Dryden, with a smile
f self congratulation? we are one—
s theirs, our gifted ancestors, have done.
house divided 'gainst itself must fall:
The battle raged, and we the vict'ry won.
Of each bold race, are we not kindred all?
e we degenerate risen from a tyrant's thrall?

LI.

These oceans, rivers, mountains, fertile plains,
May surely vie with Europe's boasted spheres;
Our bursting storms in thunder pour their rains,
Congenial and refreshingly as theirs.
The eagle soars, unstung with sanguine fears,
As lions roving through the blood stained field;
Our Heaven as bright his starry portal rears,
As that o'er Albion's sea girt isle reveal'd—
Should then, ye gods! our glorious spangled banner
yield?

LII.

Mars seized our standard on the day of blood,
And dying cohorts strewed the plains around—
Old Neptune cheer'd us on the briny flood,
And shouts of triumph o'er the seas resound.
Ceres graced our fields, and bounteous fruits abound:
Stout Vulcan's sound is heard in ev'ry cave—
Diana, sportive, harks the baying hound—
Bright Venus crowns the youthful champion brave,
And why should not Apollo strike a thrilling stave?

LIII.

A flood of foreign nonsense on us pours,
By critics here loud lauded to the skies!
Nothing is sanctioned, but through Europe roars,
And what they frown on, we, too, must despise!
Rise, wrong'd Columbia, from your slumbers rise!
When man, determined, stands undaunted forth,
He scales the beetling hill, and grasps the prize;
The bars of fortune, or the frozen north,
He dies, or proudly passes—rich, or nothing worth.

LIV.

'Twas thus we gain'd our freedom. Gracious God
Cast us on earth to taste its many sweets,
And not to cry under a tyrant's rod.
All chose enough of scorching dire conceits
As heav'n knows—each circling year repeats
Our pains and pleasures. Life is but a dream
Of bright or fearful images—the feats
Of various actors gliding down a stream,
That dive into oblivion, as night engulf's a gleam.

LV.

We gambol in the noonday sun, then sink
Decrepid and displeased in hoary age;
Or carol blithely on destruction's brink;
Yet softest down cannot a pain assuage.
Gross flattery is nectar to the sage,
Whose great philosophy is—self-esteem—
A fool deriding can engender rage—
Yon toad all passionless in pale moon beam,
Meets wiser far than man, the many ills that teem.

LVI.

The true philosopher is he who scans
The plainest road to happiness—and runs
Therein himself—revealing all his plans
To staring dunces—or the knowing ones.
Thousands may jeer, and two may mark his puns,
Yet he, content, shall puff his clouds of smoke:
He nobly faces ills, yet never shuns
The good that fate ordains. The lightning stroke
May hurl him back to ashes—but never can provoke!

LVII.

A gaping earthquake gulps as down to hell—
What then were all the bliss or woes we've felt?
He who hath seen the suffering bosom swell,
May mark that bosom too in pleasure melt.
All things must cease, and bootless have we knelt
For Hercules to move the ponderous load.
Be't great or small, each has a portion dealt,
A straight or crook'd, a rough or even road—
Then let us bear in peace, the things by Him bestowed.

LVIII.

Orlando blanched not when the tempest burst—
When ties of fondness all were rent in twain.
Or good or ill, what God had on him thrust
He still survived, and met what came again.
Of sad mischances did he ne'er complain—
With brow erect, without a smile or frown,
He floated as a wreck upon the main,
His pilgrimage below—but he would drown
Or quite conceal his wrongs. That peace his life would crown,

LIX.

Was what he deem'd his aim of future life;
For now no earthly pleasure could he clasp,
But vanish'd as if rent with bloody knife.
All things must pass! the heart corroding rasp
Of grim neglect, or wrong, or pain aghast,
And hollow heartedness—the gnawing ills
That start the trickling tear, must flee at last.
Of these he felt his share—but firmly still,
He pierc'd through mists around, with an unbending will.

LX.

On some, dame Fortune pours her favours down
In mockery of wisdom's anxious gaze;
On others' ruin, some are upward borne,
In mutability's uncertain maze;
And plodding beggary doth wend its ways.
But when th' eternal spark within us burns,
And every earthly passion, pleasure, sways;—
And intervening rocks contemptuous spurns,
This, this may strike a sound, ringing beyond our urns.

LXI.

Orlando pondered thus, and ventured all
In hope's crusade, whose flowing sails unfurled,
Rode gaily on, stemming each howling squall,
That whistles on a voyage of the world.
Each block he from his onward pathway hurled,
Still facing obstacles that rose around;
Steeling his mind when each contention whirled,
To rise again, from man's condemning sound,
And forward rush unchecked, in a determined bound.

LXII.

Again the Wand'rer trod the cliffs' wild height,
And lean'd against a cloud-commingling pine;
Breathing pure breath of Heaven with delight,
Marking the sun's rich blazonry decline,
And faintly through each darkened valley shine.
The startled deer leap nimbly through the dell,
Flying the screaming panther's fierce design;
The wolf's sharp howls from craggy cavern swell,
And owls, and moaning winds, sound nature's slumbering knell.

LXIII.

In pearly steps the snow clad mountains rear
Their icy temples lost in awful space;
Like angry ocean heaved in ridges drear
And petrified! Winter cannot deface
The eternal green that pines and laurels grace,
Mingling the past and present in one shade
Of God's own verdure. Time's blasting pace
Leaves here no desolation, to degrade
The skill of Him, whose works mutation cannot fade.

LXIV.

Here, rusting lies a sword by Braddock lost,
Crumbling in unison with him. The blood
Of Albion by passion fiercely toss'd,
Hath stained the soil where ever man has stood.
Through yonder forest roared the fiery flood
And savage yells in dark remorseless ire.
Here Washington in vexed contention stood,
Grieving for comrades, that around expire,
A target, 'though unpierced, for chieftian's oft tried fire.

LXV.

Lo! bright Ohio, pouring nobly on
Bids an eternal farewell to its fount;
Boiling 'mongst rocks, leaping in torrents down,
Laving the base of craggy cedar mount;
For ever measuring leagues in steady count,
Picturing the sweep and flight of time,
That moves unhalting, to its distant point,
Never to rest! 't is awful and sublime,
In its unceasing roll, passing from clime to clime.

LXVI.

Glorious Virginia! thy verdant shore
Receding fast, doth yet the breast inspire
With many holy thoughts. The trumpet roar
Of fame, justly proclaims thee for the sire
Of western greatness. Thy heroic fire
Flam'd highest, broadest, in the day of dread!
Thy rustic heroes would pale death desire,
Rather than tyrants on thy soil should tread,
And dare pollute the land, where God's best gifts were spread.

LXVII.

Isle of dark and treacherous desolation! (9)
Here the fiend his wily snares enwove—
To crush a friend in cruel devastation,
And stab his country, he intriguing strove.
Here droops the lonely ever mourning dove,
As if bewailing purity betrayed:
These ruins once were sacred scenes of love;
Sweet roses budded on these stems decayed,
And smiling innocence through that scathed bower strayed.

LXVIII.

Emboss'd in beauty near the exile lies
The land of his adoption, clothed in green
And lilac verdure! He that pensive flies
Despoiled, disconsolate, can never wean
His dreamy ponderings of home serene.
The cedar's and the hawthorn's peaceful shade,
The fresh mown mead and tender lily sheen;
The may morn sweets, that did the breeze pervade,
The jocund snow white lamb, that round in gambols played!

LXIX.

The shining streams that bore our notes along;
The gentle shepherds sighing strains of love—
The chirping bird that breathed its softest song—
The golden sun streaming through blue above!
The twilight sprite, that webs of magic wove,
Are lost with thee, Kentucky! 'T is these dells
So blooming, briefly op'ning, as we move—
Those high romantic cliffs, that boldly swell
As gliding past, of dear remembered moments tell.

LXX.

Onward thou barque, in direst fury rush—
Bearing the exile from such scenes away!
No—ling'ring, let remembrance on him gush,
And paint the moments of a youthful day!
A thousand quivers on his features play—
A melancholy smile his lip reveals;
His pallid brow, a moisture doth display—
A throbbing bosom, scarce his heart conceals—
These are the many throes, a fated Wand'rer feels!

LXXI.

Oh lov'd and cherished streams and groves around!
Bear each his blessing as he greets thee here—
There strikes not through thine air an echoing sound,
But joyous vibrates in his willing ear;
Receive, receive the homage of a tear!
It starts from its deep cell by mem'ry driven,
In mem'ry of thee! May thy career,
Teem richly with best fruits to nations given:
Thy daring sons once bled, but have not bootless striven.

LXXII.

'T was here, Ohio, oft the woodsman* glanced
His eyes delighted o'er thy current wide;
And smiling view'd those fertile plains entranced.
Here to and fro dark savages would glide,
And steeped their brows in blood, with sanguine pride.
The buffalo that bounded o'er those hills
Are swept away, in man's resistless tide;
The serpent's hiss, that with dread terror fills,
Is also gone—and peace her balmy breath distils.

LXXIII.

There's much to charm us in the lapse of years—
A spell of pleasure, yet without a smile,
That winds about a mortal's breast of cares,
When to his schoolboy scenes, the fairy isle,
The sloping lawn, returns from countries vile,
Where vicious man mingled in throngs careering,
And revelled ever in the paths of guile;
There's nothing like our early haunts endearing,
To bask again those sunny banks, and no ills fearing.

* Daniel Boon.

LXXIV.

Perhaps to see a lonely beech yet standing,
Whose bows once to our thoughtless pressure bending,
Delighted thus our happy minds expanding;
'Twas earth with heav'n in that moment blending!
Perchance the locust sweet perfume is sending,
Which oft regaled us in our merry youth;
Or shade remains, where breast to breast contending,
We writhed for mastery, our limbs uncouth—
Oh such were days of bliss, of cherub smiles and truth.

LXXV.

To stand within the threshold of your home,
Whilst friends and kindred fondly to you cling;
The focus of your thoughts when far you roam
Beaming around you in a throbbing ring!
To see the tear from parent's bosom spring—
Wrapp'd in a sister's ardent—long embrace;
Marking affections glow and whispering!
Oh God! the language of a silent face,
May speak of feeling, which the tongue would but disgrace!

LXXVI.

But flow, Ohio! bear the Wand'rer on—
He musing bends o'er thy translucent wave,
Pond'ring apart from ev'ry merry throng.
But yet he hoped his cares would cease—the grave
Will still the conqu'ror or the groaning slave.
A century, and pangs are known no more;
And these forgotten, under which we rave.
A puff may make yon bubble upwards soar—
This whis'pring breeze may sleep, or in a tempest roar.

LXXVII.

Aye, who did dream that this broad western wild
Should be the home of an exalted race
Of freemen! When heav'n on Sparta smiled
There was no lineament that man could trace
Superior to these around—in each face
There beams the pride of Romans—in each field,
Of dread contending strife, the fearful waste
Of blood and fame, fall on their foes, who yield,
Astounded by the sword, that brave Kentuckians wield.

LXXVIII.

Here bursts of eloquence inspired by God,
Ring through the state, and echo o'er the world!
Not on Arcadia's greenest sunniest sod,
Were higher flights to wand'ring earth unfurled.
Virginia's Henry, who on tyrants hurled
Daring defiance, here threw the flaming brand,
That burns for e'er, as sparks from Etna curled.
Dark forests into pleasant meads expand,
And genius, goodness, wealth, pervade the teeming land.

LXXIX.

And here Orlando learned that he could feel
The force of beauty—but the curse of fate
Opposed a sev'ring cruel glitt'ring steel—
But 'tis bootless! He, who doth create
Maidens of Sicily, whose smiles abate
Misanthropic frowns, to grace this sphere,
Endowed the blooming damsels of this state,
With oriental charms. The dark eye here,
Flashes the ray of love, or drops the pearly tear!

LXXX.

See pictured on each peerless face a hue
Of their own native flowers—the red rose
Kisses the spotless lily—the true
Forget-me-nots on swelling breasts repose;
Each graceful step a sylph like archness shows.
The lute inspiring, warbles in the bow'r,
Thrilling the swain, with sweet melodious throes;
Angels of beauty in the moonlit hour,
Chasing ev'ry care with a transporting pow'r.

LXXXI.

Queen of Ohio, and the far famed West—
Hail to thy palaces! Time is dawning,
A day of brilliance, and thou wilt be blest
By occidental hosts—others scorning,
Shalt pass unharming by—thy bright morning,
Will to great meridian splendour swell—
Smiling at each envious rival's warning
Of coming evil, your fair page will tell
Of enterprise successful—midst thy foes pell-mell.

LXXXII.

Thou splendid stream! Still onward wend thy way,
Lulling the pilgrim on his distant tour,
Soothing as Lethe. See, a morning ray
Gilds all brightly—the late redolent shower,
Has bathed the thrush that chirps in rosy bow'r.
From the deck the bugle's notes are streaming,
Sinking on the sparkling waters:—the flow'r
Bows, as the tiny humming birds come gleaming;
And all is blissful now, as gentle maiden dreaming!

LXXXIII.

Behold a noble city bursts in view, (10)
And the broad river dances at its feet
To music of its own—the water blue,
Leaps joyous on, in pride and beauty fleet,
Resistless, thund'ring, as brave armies greet
Their general victorious in arms.
Here generous wealth, and growing worth you meet,
Free from dilapidation's curst alarms—
City and clime alike boast nature's choicest charms.

LXXXIV.

There may be those that feel a pure delight
Viewing decaying relics of the past;
Marking receding greatness sink in night,
Hailing the devastation in each blast,
That crumbles fabrics to destruction fast!
But now the Wanderer, delighted, thought
Of coming glories on his country cast;
The splendour of the future to be wrought,
The budding virtues bloom, in distant realms untaught.

LXXXV.

Whilst warworn states in servitude expire,
And nations doom'd, in dark pollution lie;
There needs no gift of heaven to inspire
A ray prophetic—each inquiring eye,
May living witness our high destiny!
The brightest ray of fame—that ever beamed
On quoted Greece, or far known Italy,
Ne'er holier than these stars of ours gleamed,
Nor greater to the world, than our Columbia seemed.

LXXXVI.

As gliding swiftly past the silent woods
Orlando, fancying, many towns arose;
Forests transformed to richly cultured roods,
And flocks about in ev'ry dell repose;
Where stood the brake, there bloomed the blushing rose;
And swains and maidens carolled loud and long.
Every valley did its cots disclose,
And sweet contentment reigned—the merry song
Of birds, chirping from sunny bush in happy throng!

LXXXVII.

The owl, the panther, and the wolf retired,
From man's all searching and improving eye;
The serpent fled from cumbrous rubbish fired,
The eagle hovered proudly in the sky!
Here golden harvests seemed around to lie;
And there a temple rose to worship God,
To buoy the soul, or mourn for those that die.
The restless statesman with his smiling nod;
And came the haughty planter, with his iron rod.

LXXXVIII.

And thus Orlando pondered in a wild
Untrodden wilderness—he thought that soon
The scene would change. Now zephyrs sweetly mild,
Regaled the Wanderer—and the silv'ry moon
Beamed joyously—and the rich starry boon
Of heaven glistened—and soon the wind had ceased,
To wave the willow—the night bird's tune
Echoed a feeling thrill—and sprites released,
Were playing in the air. The vessel's speed decreased,

LXXXIX.

And then in front appeared a huge dark mass;
But bounding on, there beam'd upon his eye
An art'ry of the union, leaping, pass,
Checking Ohio's current—whirling by,
It seemed like rushing tempest in the sky.
The turbid gurgles of the polar mounts,
Boiling springs unseen, that distant lie,
And Alleghany's pure transparent founts
Clasp in a tri-embrace! The passing pilgrim counts,

XC.

Another mighty wonder of the world,
Beholding, mingling in an endless stream,
A thousand rivers in one channel hurl'd! (11)
The pensive trav'ller views the sweeping gleam,
And stands unconscious in ærial dream.
Steamers, from diff'rent harbours flying past,
Send o'er the wave a fitful glearing beam.
Now murky fogs come rolling upward fast,
And troubled billows dash before the rising blast.

XCI.

A reverie forced him now to listless stand,
Marking a swan upon its troubled bed;
But soon it seemed before him to expand,
And stood the long lost Delio! She sped
Quickly to his side, and musically said;
"Beware Orlando, in thy course beware,
Of tempting sirens, and destruction dread,
Each coz'ning friend that would thy burthens share,
Each smiling lip you meet, would prove a fatal snare."

XCII.

Starting, the Wand'rer felt gently fanned
With balmy southern gales—The sun, stealing
From the orient, lighted up the land.
Orange trees clusters of fruit revealing;
Dark eyed maids, that filled the soul with feeling—
Songs of love, on every zephyr flying;
The ruddy votaries of Bacchus reeling
Broke simultaneous on him—vying
With paradise in pleasure, and in dying!

XCIII.

There scowls the robber wrapped in direst gloom
Watching a victim as the hawk his prey—
Here smiles a gambler leading to his doom,
The reckless butterfly of summer day,
Enticing deeper in the net's of play!
The fiend-like alligator with lifted head,
Seems as a stone inanimate to lay;
The fatal mock'sin with indentures dread,
Glides unobserved, until the poison shaft is sped!

XCIV.

The rarest pleasures are allied to woe!
On jocund youth death takes a thoughtless hour.
From heaven is seen through chasms, hell below—
The bluest sky is marr'd when tempests low'r,
And pious priests must feel the chilling show'r.
When life should be enjoyed, 'tis valueless,
And thrown regardless in some demon's pow'r.
Here the stiletto strikes dismay, distress,
And man by man is cursed, though Gods would seem to bless.

XCV.

View yonder grove as if full many blasts
Or scathing lightning, blasting with despair,
Had deadened all—they are a thousand masts!
And see the flags of every nation there,
Floating in various colours on the air.
Thousands of mortals move below your feet,
Commingling sooty faces with the fair;
A city gay beneath a floating fleet—
A wharf, where parrots squeak, and sun burnt sailors greet.

XCVI.

The depot of the West in bustling throng,
Braving the gusts of deaths contagious wind;
Spaniards and Frenchmen chattering along,
To all but pleasure, and their purses blind.
Here vent the direst passions of mankind,
Corroding and unchecked—and fragile charms,
Attract the youth to ignomy destined.
Yon ancient prison strikes no dread alarms,
To guilt that bears offensive, its own reeking arms.

XCVII.

A mother's hope lies weltering in gore—
A father's wealth is grasped by villains base;
Deluded sots are scatter'd long the shore,
Seduced by tinsel, plunged in deep disgrace!
What future act can the black stain efface,
When frenzied man high lifts the murderous steel?
Secluded, gloomy, the passer-by may trace
The sigh which weary years cannot conceal,
Combatting with the guilt, his staring eyes reveal.

XCVIII.

The setting sun illumes the sparkling lake,
And lemon gales enliven ev'ry thing;
The warbling bird and buzzing bee partake,
The charming extacy of genial spring.
The dewy flowers dreamy odours fling
On playful zephyrs—and the merry song
Rises inspiring—and the sailors cling
To their own element—and thus prolong
Musings of Italy, whistling well pleased along.

XCIX.

Here fortune pours her cornucopia forth,
And blooming sylphs are weaving garlands bright—
No freezing gust comes howling from the north,
To mar the richest gush of pure delight.
Now panting lovers flatt'ring sonnets write,
To maidens flashing all resistless eyes;
And boats of pleasure float along at night,
On glassy wave, reflecting starry skies,
And sweet emotion to the soothing lute replies.

C.

The fisherman throws out the treach'rous line—
The painted yawls are dancing by the shore,
Laden with fruit of every tree and vine:
A smiling boy is sculling with one oar.
The morning gun peals forth its startling roar,
That dies in echoing distance—and the bell
Of trembling steamer calls aboard once more.
Loud anthems through the ancient temple swell,
And holy priests are loosing suff'ring souls from hell.

CI.

Hail, field of Glory! requiem for the dead,
Is sounded here by fitful moaning winds;
The blood of veterans profusely shed,
Manures the soil that's cultured now by hinds.
A hero made by fortune, whom she blinds,
May soil the laurels on his temples woven;
The strength of nerve, is not the strength of minds,
A hidden dwarf may shoot a giant roving,
And satellites of Hades, may long conceal the cloven.

CII.

But here we see where fell invading foes,
And give the chief whatever is his due—
He hurled on England all the rankling woes
Destined for us, and stood a champion true.
If yet we may the precious bounty rue,
Like the poor frogs—we still with pride record
A vict'ry, such as nations seldom view.
We bow not to a foreign sovereign lord,
But grasp our own great purse, and wield our own bright sword.

CIII.

Lo, rumbling from yon sea-beat Texian coast
There comes a wailing sound—and the long knife
Is grinding for revenge on those who boast
Preeminence of force—the bloody strife
Is waged by sons whose sires bartered life
For liberty. Not in the tyrant's wake,
Shall desolation spread her ruin rife;
The conqueror of pigmies now shall quake,
Before a band of men—and his frail throne shall shake.

CIV.

Affrighted Peace sails screaming to the skies,
And pallid mothers shriek with dread alarms;
The ploughshare in the field neglected lies,
The clarion summons one and all to arms.
Earth's choicest fruits, and maidens sweetest charms
Are left untasted by the youthful band;
All bliss is bitter when oppression harms—
The invader comes to blast their smiling land;
They rush into the strife, and warring nobly stand.

CV.

Here pirates ride the ever frowning sea,
Escaping justice:—in an obscure cave
They heap their booty, chanting on the lea
Songs of carousals:—murderously brave,
They frowning strike, and bear, but never save!
Full many crafts, reported wrecked and lost,
Where drowning crews have sunk beneath the wave,
Were captured by some daring rover cross'd,
And unprepared to die, to dark oblivion tossed.

CVI.

It is a splendid, noble sight to see
A heedless vessel gaily forward ride,
Sweeping along the sea's infinity,
Bowing to each passing billow's stride,
And playing on the verge of chasms wide!
The sailor's yarn the tedious hour beguiles;
The dolphin leaps unmindful through the tide;
The moon gleaming aslant her silv'ry smiles,
Through rolling opening clouds, heaped in fantastic piles!

CVII.

It is a time that man may look within,
And nearly scan the features of the heart;
Know what he is, and what hath ever been,
The source of mighty impulses that start
Mysterious, awful, which a ray impart,
Seeming as something not for death destined.
'T is then the soul, like shooting star doth dart,
Cleaving space etherial—and the mind
Exults in heav'nly rapture, unwatched and unconfined.

CVIII.

The surge, incessant breaking 'gainst the rock,
Chimes harmony, with crying of the spheres;
The glaring lightning, e're the stunning shock,
Illumes the quiv'ring drops, like maiden's tears!
The rising billow racing upward, rears
As man's fierce passion—and the troubled roar
Of God's artillery, lulls our mundane cares.
The spirit wafted with the storm doth soar
Above earth's malice, and the things we here deplore.

CIX.

Man feels the link that binds him to a state
Of immortality, at such dread time;
The uplifted arm of omnipotent Fate
Waves worlds apart, in glorious sweep sublime!
The trembling victim, double dyed in crime,
Starts back in horror at his many deeds;
A power supernal breathing in each clime,
Deals wo on miscreants, and dispenses meeds
To him that suffers wrong, whose breast unjustly bleeds.

CX.

Man stands above the fellowship of dust,
Holding communion with a twinkling star:
In the shrill howling of the passing gust,
Feels inspiration from bright hosts afar—
And tearing from him all the ills that mar,
Stands scorning earth, and its precarious gifts;
With fearless bosom, mildly beating, bare—
Knowing that hours of pain, like snow that drifts,
Must melt away e'er long, as Time his falchion lifts.

CXI.

Reclined, thus mused Orlando.—Now the storm
Cleaving apart, admitted Dian's rays.
Within there was a glow of transport warm,
Dispelling gloom, that thwarts our irksome days.
And now the light in chaste and hallowed blaze
Cheer'd on the slumbers of reposing earth:
His fiercest passions, in reposing maze,
Ceased their warfare—and a dreamy birth
Steeped his hot brow in peace, and images of mirth.

CXII.

The happiest are those that ever turn
Thoughtless, disdaining from the face of ills—
The unfed fire ceases soon to burn;
And so with man, in nursing grief that kills.
A phœnix rises in crushed hearts that fills
Mortality with power to endure
The bitterest essences that Fate distils,
Or hottest lava fiends can on us pour,
Or tumult thundering in coruscative roar!

CXIII.

The power that formed us shall alone destroy,
When it deems proper—we are but worms ourselves,
And seizing briefly on each fading joy,
(Not as the libertine that reckless delves,)
May, or may not be error—to employ
Our minds as chance disposes, greatly wrong.
God made us every one—to alloy
The gilded chalice, is but to prolong
Life's bitterest moments—a sad and merry song!

CXIV.

Some clasp the fickle tenure of a life,
And stare aghast at death's resistless sting;
Yet there are those who stand in mock'ry rife,
Taunting the fell destroyer, as a thing
Reft of its terrors—that can only fling
A brand consuming, in a burning sea.
The dread of torments that eternal ring,
Has made earth hell! Removes may only free
The limbs of manacles—but we will some time see!

CXV.

But there exists a penchant strong to live;
To sip some draughts permitted here below,
To view developments in dim perspective,
To deal back blows on a vindictive foe;
To scorn and tear a flimsy mesh of wo,
To rise amidst the frowns of envious peers;
(To laugh at love's deceitful blushing throe;)
To mock a world, and its detracting jeers,
To kiss the brow of innocence, when 't is suffused with tears.

CXVI.

To snatch a victim from a Shylock's grasp—
To tear the mask from man's designing head—
To soothe the suffering in dying gasp,
To rid priest's slaves of their infernal dread!
To smooth the turf o'er the lamented dead!
To poison slander with its own barbed steel—
To crush the snake with venom yet unsped,
Pluck fresh blown flowers, and their beauty feel,
And revel with the thoughts that lonely hours reveal.

CXVII.

There is no curse of servitude so base
As sycophantic humbleness of soul!
The derogated simper of the face,
And trembling wisdom 'neath a sot's control!
Oh, God! let thunders through this bosom roll—
Red lightning crisp to cinder my warm blood—
And fiends incarnate yell my funeral knoll,
E're I submissive bear the swelling flood
Of insults dealt by minions, in a taunting mood.

CXVIII.

As the rough stone that fronts a tyrant's path,
So man, immovable, should wend his way;
The fear of ruin is its greatest scath,
Hoped for reward is but a paltry pay.
No! let upon the heart the chisel play,
When it perforce must yield, and cease to beat
The pulse of freedom. There may come a day
Of reckoning—and the appalling beat
Of war opposing, sound inglorious retreat.

CXIX.

The roving Indian teaches man to bear
Unflinching, all the pains that are imposed;
The kindling fagot may the bosom tear,
And his firm lips remain for ever closed!
Where grass clad hills in solitude reposed,
They and their children took their homely fare;
At dusky eve to balmy sleep disposed,
Their slumbers guided by their watching star,
Now shouting in their dreams, of hunts or scathing war.

CXX.

The happy savage felt no pangs refined,
No envy, pride, remorse, of ebon hue;
The million troubles of a cultured mind,
Ne'er like destroying locusts o'or him flew,
But sire and son the simple bowstring drew.
They feasted when their bleeding victim fell;
Their rarest flow'rs and shades spontaneous grew,
And they were bless'd—but now a mournful knell,
Is sounding o'er their graves, in each bemoaning dell!

CXXI.

Orlando from his reverie awoke—
His country's Venice he beheld again,
And hail'd the zephyr and the boatswain's stroke;
He mark'd the craftsman seeking for his gain,
The police showing victims they had slain,
The crier and the buyer of a slave,
The convict, and his pondrous ball and chain;
The pious looking robber, seeming grave,
The thousand lux'ries spread, and vices that degrade.

CXXII.

Away thou bark—skip o'er the wave, away,—
Bear thou the wand'rer to some quiet shore,
Be it in occidental verge of day,
Or rocky hills that he may feel once more,
A fresh'ning unguent on his bosom pour!
Father of rivers, in thy distant source
I would behold thee—there the deafening roar
Of busy man incumbers not thy course,
Nor rings thy valley green, with never hushed remorse.

CXXIII.

But future years will lay thy forests low,
And many sounds echo thy bowers through;
The wood nymphs weeping distant from thee go,
Their laughing sports in other wilds renew.
Full many a boist'rous independent crew
Will throw the torch thy crackling brakes among,
And the scared buck, unpitying pursue;
A hundred cities 'long thy brink be strung, (12)
And millions bustle on as if from magic sprung.

CXXIV.

Speed thou, vessel, careering gaily on!
Should hidden dangers wreck thee, thou wilt fall
As some brave chieftain with his sabre drawn.
Fate tells us not of an impending squall—
A tyrant smiles when he would fain enthrall.
The blow that falls, without a pause to warn,
Saves us the pain of sage contrition's call—
A groan and all is over! and the next morn
Beams blithely forth in smiles, as if in playful scorn.

CXXV.

The careless sailor merrily doth sing,
Heaving in time of fear the dripping lead;
He thinks, perchance, each port will haply bring
A rich reward, for an encountered dread.
Yon pensive form bends o'er the wat'ry bed,
Viewing the transient bubbles as they burst;
And thinks of home, and blissful moments fled!
He drops a tear, long in the bosom nursed,
And feels resigned to fate, that hath unsparing cursed.

CXXVI.

Heave on, thou bark! on the broad stream of life,
Man seldom finds the port that he would gain,
Or, having landed, 'tis amidst the strife
Of myriad ranks contending, and some pain,
Unkindly dealt—but let us not complain.
We hew out misery for ourselves in sighs—
Searching the sour'd heart, there is a stain:
The vivid purity of these blue skies,
Should still regret, when storms, (which fleeting soon) arise.

CXXVII.

Rush on, rush on! and stifle with thy roar
The loud complaints of vent'rers on the deep;
And the harsh curses that around thee pour—
Cheer the lone prostrate one, that bows to weep;
Remorse, remorse! within her heart doth creep—
As she regrets some sweet departed joys;
The parent's smile, and youth's unblemished sleep!
The world is full of evil, that destroys,
Satan, his million earthly agents yet employs.

CXXVIII.

'Midst clouds or sunshine, skip thou gaily on!
For, pleased or vexed, old Time will surely shake
Thy streaming colours—and a smile or frown
Will profit nought—and in thy foaming wake
Others will follow, and expiring quake!
Possessing but a single short lived day,
A jovial festival of moments make,
That, flying, pass eternally away,
Like that cold pangless corpse, or this dissolving spray.

CXXIX.

Heave on, heave on! there comes another bark
Glancing in thunder by—like a bold man,
Rushing past comrades, reaching for a mark,
Beyond their limited luxurious scan.
The supine snail may never hope to span
The universe—and yet the feeble fly
May soar where wind the cloud piled storm doth fan.
Listless, or dancing, a time will come to die,
As darkest hair grows gray, whether we laugh or cry.

CXXX.

Heave on! the mariners on life's deep stream
Are drifting like the foam of rolling sea!
Some reckless float, content with pleasing dream,
Some burst their eyes, expecting ills to see—
Millions in vain seem what they wish to be.
Shrill on each breeze there comes a wail of wo,
A pirate triumphs, or a slave is free—
And some sink down to hell, or sharks below;
Another leaf is turned, and filled, and thus we go!

CXXXI.

Heave on! there is amusement in the page,
Edited by Time! the eternal leaves
Proclaim the acts from infancy to age.
Some scribblings here, that scarce the eye perceives,
Are autographs of kings, or lauded thieves!
Here is a chapter of some awful deeds—
The names forgotten—(not in Heaven's archives,
Will they pass freely thus;) a fool here bleeds
By his own hand—there, virtue once, thank God, succeeds.

CXXXII.

The tow'r, or oven, or back bone of hell— (13)
Now bursts upon the Wanderer's anxious gaze—
Here sailors pointing, many stories tell,
Of sad mishaps in many fatal ways.
Along the rocks a dancing sunbeam plays,
As leaping by, the rushing current roars.
The awe struck pilot silently surveys
The dizzy gush, that in commotion pours,
And past, in safety smiles, as the loose falcon soars.

CXXXIII.

Here, as the traveller sits and thoughtful views
The frighted fowl rise troubled in the air;
The untrodden wild, which deaf'ning jars diffuse,
Echoing the tumult in its depths afar—
His fancy pictures desolate islands bare,
Where many nations once did bend the bow,
Or trimm'd their barks, or sang forgetting care,
Or sportive chased the panting, bleeding doe,
Or yelled victoriously, o'er a prostrated foe.

CXXXIV.

A fierce sirocco sweeping through the land
Immersed its baleful poison in their blood;
And mournful 'neath yon oak, a crumbling band
Alone remains, where countless millions stood!
Their native homes possessing, from the flood,
Are tenantless—and the wild watchful deer, (14)
Stands undisturbed, plucking their vineyards rude!
God of the just! whose plotting was it here?
Do thou avert my doom—for here's for them a tear.

CXXXV.

The wind is howling through the gloomy trees,
And nought is stirring but the affrighted hare—
A single flower strives in vain to please,
And dies neglected, withering in despair!
Where rests the child of nature, say—O where
The many joyous forests that have rang
With rustic merriment? gone—pillaged—bare—
Like the bleached bones, where once a lion sprang,
Or field of awful stillness, after the war trump's clang.

CXXXVI.

There's in each red man's eye a restless gloom,
And on the brow there is a solemn seal,
When forced to leave their father's silent tomb,
And the green valley, where from youth they feel
Kind spirits hovering, their woods reveal.
They leave a brother in the spreading oak,
Each dancing stream their kindred shades conceal—
Their hearts mount up with their own mountain smoke,
And as their country falls, they sink down riven, broke.

CXXXVII.

Our flag from yonder misty height is streaming! (15)
Breathes there a nation of such broad domain?
In yonder sunbeam brightest swords are gleaming,
In mock combat—in feats upon the plain,
The polish dims in red triumphant stain.
A martial band rings out the strains of yore,
Thrilling the glory of some great campaign,
And floats in murmurs 'long the verdant shore,
And rich libations on the war worn heart doth pour.

CXXXVIII.

Ambitious youth, and oft tried vet'rans gray,
Are wakeful on the watch tow'r of the free;
Their country's welfare is their bliss—they pray
To strike some time a blow for liberty.
Oh, can ye not in each brave bosom see,
A swelling love of country—and a sigh
To mingle in some conflicts dinning glee,
To rear their standard in the combat high,
And conquer gloriously, and not supinely die!

CXXXIX.

Cherish my country this heroic band!
Their fathers fought for freedom—and they'd bleed
In its defence. And in another land
'Twas youthful ardour did indignant speed
The breaking up of chains—the valiant deed
Of the *three days!* Dishonour ne'er can rend
Our flowing flag, if their strong arms are freed
To strike the foe—nor necks ignobly bend,
If they our altars guard, and with our blessings blend.

CXL.

Unrivalled in the West in future time
Behold St. Louis! a palace in the wild,
She gleams like city of Italia's clime!
Starting the way farer, that staring smiled
On castles of Europia, georgeous piled.
The Gods their horns of plenty empty here;
The reckless wand'rer feels his woes beguiled—
And wond'ring hosts of emigrants draw near;—
See! princely rows spring up, in each succeeding year.

CXLI.

Hark! the vesper bells are joyous ringing!
Hundreds to the holy shrine are wending—
The skeptics sad as by the altar ling'ring.
Holy fathers 'neath the cross are bending—
Prayers and incense now are sweetly blending.
Oh, if Jesus saved us by his dying,
Here pious mortals gratitude are sending;
Man repentant to His throne is crying,
With earnest eye on his great love relying.

CXLII:

If, glancing through the annals of the past,
Thou dost sometimes behold a bloody fiend;
Around them then in such dark age was cast
A barb'rous race for dread example gleaned!
From age to age on God they only leaned—
Despite the wrecks of earth they still exist,
Supported by their saints, from vices weaned.
In vain the new fledged hosts of good persist
In striking at their root—or their great truths resist. (16)

CXLIII.

Time ripens wine—and is the surest test
Of all things good and evil. See the change
Of bickering sects, and their denouncing zest;
The wav'ring warfare which they rearrange,
And new born doctrines that their sees derange.
Oh, heavenly father! can they all be just?
Do they ne'er from thee their souls estrange?
Where shall we place our true eternal trust?
Where slumber saved, secure, in our dissolving dust!

CXLIV.

The matin's solemn tones in twilight pealing,
Sounds on the breeze as music from the skies—
Awakened angels are their sweets revealing,
And peaceful heaven spreads her million dies!
Oh, guilt worn mortals, from your cares arise,
"And sin no more!" Oh God! there *is* a feeling,
Unearthly in the human breast replies!
Now Phœbus through the crystal space is stealing,
And happy birds among the dewy vines are reeling.

CXLV.

Orlando, thoughtful, in the chantry stood,
The plaintless child that mother nature made;
The daily ills in dark insatiate flood,
The scars of passion, or of bliss the shade,
The dart of death, that doth the world pervade;
The future woe, or weal that seizes all—
Warned—but he felt he did as conscience bade,
And calmly turned him from the sable pall,
Without a glow of zeal, nor yet in rankling gall.

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On yonder isle the fierce combatants rushed (17)
To fill the gap by malice severed wide;
On the dry sand their life blood gurgling gushed,
And ended envy, hate, or love, or pride.
Now hand in hand they still together glide,
Victors and victims! what is their reward?
A tear from those to whom they were allied—
The dark insignia of a blood stained sword!
Their names for e'er transfixed—by their own weapons gored!

CXLVII.

Here strewed along the bustling busy shore
Are heaped the products of the ends of earth;
The stately steamers in continuous roar,
The jovial sailor's rattling bursts of mirth;
The thrifty farmer deprecating dearth,
The foreigner's brisk step of int'rest great,
All teem an aspect of aspiring worth.
Missouri! what rich fruits on thee await,
Men living shall behold, and wond'ring tongues relate.

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Here in old time the savage yelling ran,
And scalped the frighted Frenchman who had dared
A city on their peaceful stream to plan.
Ill have first vent'rers in all countries fared,
But the reward is for their children spared.
Here stands a pile in early time was built, (18)
A domicil by day, at night prepared
To shield them from the murderer's ruthless guilt—
And by that door at eve, has blood repulsed been spilt.

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Orlando found a labyrinth of flowers,
Where pendant fruit in clusters hung around;
And roses bowing, for some balmy showers
Had just refreshed the verdure cumbered ground;
The flutt'ring linnet chirped his gayest sound,
The bee, luxurious, humm'd in every gale;
The fleecy clouds reposed in peace profound,
The lute evolving sighed its sweetest wail,
And rural extacy, did every where prevail.

CL.

Ling'ring unconscious, he at length beheld
Encompassed round with wreathes of every die,
A lass of seventeen! her terrors quelled,
She smiled and snatched a roving butterfly.
Beyond a rose Orlando did espy
The heaving of an alabaster breast—
And in his panting heart there came a sigh
To be by her, fore'er supremely blest,
To cease his weary wandering, and sup the sweets of rest.

CLI.

With fondest gaze they thought and spake of love,
Reclining in an arbour clad with vines.
The happiest hours of the amorous dove,
The sweetest moments of devout divines,
Or wakeful larks, when murky night declines,
Ne'er equalled theirs. Her gently yielding form,
Supported by his arm, that close entwines:
His moments fleeting thus—so blissful, warm,
Had from memory's page, swept every bitter storm.

CLII.

A million planets in their orbits roll
Great nature's clock work! And the passing bell
Of many mortals sounds a mournful knoll.
The sea that ebbed again performs its swell—
And Imps are laving in the depths of hell.
But where are we, Orlando, and the maid?
He swore eternal faith on bended knee,
And she consented—then, Oh, strange to tell—
She tore a bough from the dark cypress tree,
And vanishing, said, "Delio is the wife of thee!"

CLIII.

He felt that shadows were the only boon
Given by fate to solace his deep woe;
Few flitting images in fading moon,
A fumigated draught of wine, or so.
'Tis only hope that cheers us all below!
A Jack-o-lantern light that we pursue;
In vain the flimsy cobweb nets we throw,
In vain dame Fortune's bounteous smiles we sue,
Nought but vexation's here, and nought, no, nothing's true!

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by the hands of some courageous young men (Pennsylvanians) when advancing in the van of his army.

Whether he took up his quarters in hell or not, cannot easily be ascertained—the author is of opinion that he deserved a better fate.

Note 8, p. 28.

"A day of dreadful retribution came."

The battle of New Orleans—which has been lauded a thousand times over by K——ll, B——r, W——y, and others, to the honor of J——n, and profit to themselves.

Note 9, p. 48.

"Isle of dark and treacherous desolation."

It was twilight—and there was one who had risen from a sleepless couch, and leaning against the railing of the guards in the stern of the steamer J——, gazed pensively on the glassy surface of the waters. Occasionally she would start from a reverie, and the images which her imagination had bodied forth, and return to a consciousness of the reality of things around—when at

times there might be seen a crystal drop start from her eye, and trickle down her cheek. When raising her snowy 'kerchief to her face, a sudden puff of wind forced it away, and I was fortunate enough to seize it as it was borne on towards the dimpled waves. She greeted me a fellow traveller, not with accents of chilling sound or looks to drive a stranger to a freezing distance; but her open hearted frankness, and simplicity of manners, revealed to my mind at once a daughter of the social West. Imbued with a spirit of romance, her bosom swelled with delight viewing the scenery around —and her snowy arm was ever raised, and her delicate finger pointed to the various objects that were the theme of the most exquisite voice I ever heard. She had read much, and possessing a vivid imagination, never did I listen to such enthusiastic bursts of soothing eloquence, when her whole soul seemed absorbed in admiration, as the rising sun illuminated the murmuring eddies of the Ohio. Her tender heart was ignited with the genial brilliance of the morning—her coral lips were gently parted, and her voice unrestrained by my presence sinking sometimes to sadness, pathetically expatiated on the

beauties of nature. The receding hills thinly clad with the vegetation of April, varying in size and structure, like the troubled billows of the ocean: the sparkling rivulet leaping joyously down the rocky precipice—the various feathered tribes rising at our approach and careering in circles through the translucent air, and the balmy zephyrs that regale the lonely mortal who watches the murky shades of night give place to the resplendent gleams of the early sun, all, all were felt and described by the lovely Mary! Starting suddenly from her seat, and pointing to the right, she exclaimed, "behold Blannerhasset's island! Once the song of cheerfulness, and the happy smiles of innocence there abounded —view it now in its desolation! Many an hour have I reclined under those shades, thinking of the bliss enjoyed there before the spoiler came, and contrasting the picture which my fancy had formed of its loveliness, with the dreary waste that is now before us! I have often visited the Island when large companies would go for the purpose of amusement—but when there, I could never share their sport, feeling as if I were traversing the precincts of the lamented dead, preferred wandering

alone through the once smiling, but now deserted groves. Yonder, hard by where you perceive the remains of a few minor buildings, once stood the spacious mansion—but as if the doom was not yet accomplished, only a short time ago, I saw it sink a victim to the flames."

The captain of the boat afterwards informed me that Mary was a descendant of an old Virginia family, which had been conspicuous in the revolution, whose widowed mother now resides in a beautiful village on the Ohio, and who made frequent excursions in hopes of improveing the health of her only daughter, which had long been frail.

Twelve months afterwards, ascending the Ohio, I directed the captain of the Patrick Henry to land me at ——, whilst doing which, a trifling accident occurred, which detained the boat several hours. When it was again under way, I was sitting melancholy and alone on the quarter deck—thinking of Mary, who a few weeks previous, had been carried to the cold grave!

Note 10, p. 56.

"Behold a noble city bursts in view
And the broad river dances at its feet
To music of its own."

The falls of Ohio at Louisville, must ever attract the curiosity and elicit the admiration of travellers.

Note 11, p. 60.

"A thousand rivers in one channel hurled!"

No one can behold the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers without being singularly impressed with the grandeur and magnitude of the monarch of streams. Its most distant sources boiling in the Rocky mountains, gathering strength and sweeping along with increased velocity, as numberless tributaries are emptied into the mighty channel, pursuing its resistless course from clime to clime, until it has run its race of many thousand miles; and then leaping into the gulf, giving an impetus to the roaring ocean, and driving back to their illimitable depths the rolling billows that are wont to lash the unresisting land! Such are the spontaneous reflections of every beholder.

Note 12, p. 76.

"An hundred cities 'long thy brink be strung."

This 'ere long will be verified. Where a few years ago the lonely boatman floated past an untenanted wilderness, he now views extensive cities and plantations springing into being as if by magic. It would not perhaps, be an extravagant prophecy, to predict that before the expiration of the nineteenth century, there will be an hundred cities in the great western valley—many of them numbering over one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Note 13, p. 81.

"The tow'r, or oven, or back bone of hell."

Immense fragments of rocks in fantastic shapes, thrown by some convulsion of nature in the channel, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, have obtained the above appellations.

Note 14, p. 82.

"And the wild watchful deer
"Stands unobserved, plucking their vineyards rude."

It is ascertained that the Indians, scattered and driven

from the land where their fathers held possession from time immemorial, and where their ashes now repose, are drooping and dying away. Some attribute their dilapidation and degeneracy to the luxuries and vices introduced by the white man—be this as it may, I can only testify that I have traversed the forests where their shouts of merriment once joyously pealed to the heavens—and have there seen the timid deer, leaping unmolested through the deserted thicket.

Note 15, p. 83.

"Our flag from yonder misty height is streaming."

Jefferson barracks, a few miles below St. Louis.

Note 16, p. 86.

"In striking at their root, or their great truths resist."

The writer is not a Roman Catholic—yet he cannot believe one half of the evil things said of that church. The Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, or any one else that regulates his conduct according to his conscience, and best information, may certainly have hopes of a share of whatsoever reward awaits departed spirits.

Note 17, p. 88.

"On yonder Isle the fierce combatants rushed."

The fatal duel fought by Biddle and Pettus, occured on the Island opposite St. Louis.

Note 18, p. 89.

"Here stands a pile in early times was built."

There yet remain some ancient buildings constructed by the French in Saint Louis, with entrance in the second story, and when at eve the families were collected, the steps were hoisted up. This precaution was essentially necessary to prevent the sudden attacks of the savages, who frequently would rush from the woods at the dead hour of the night, intent on vengeance.

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